99
K
11621 c. 4
99

THE *YARMOUTH* TRAGEDY;

OR, THE PERJUR'D SAILOR.

In three PARTS.

PART I. Shewing how a Sailor courted a Merchant's Daughter in *Yarmouth*; how he deluded her, and got her with Child.

PART II. He finding ſhe was with Child, ſhipp'd himſelf for Sea; upon which ſhe dreſt herſelf in Man's Apparel, and went on board the ſame Ship, and how ſhe diſcovered herſelf to him.

PART III. How in their Paſſage from *Leghorn to England*, he barbarouſly (when ſhe was near her Delivery) threw her into the Sea: Alſo how her Ghoſt appear'd to him, and carried him away, and was never heard of ſince.

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

The *Yarmouth* TRAGEDY, &c.

PART I.

LORD what an Age is this we ſee!
And what a wicked World we're in!
How many do offend the Lord?
Our hearts they harden'd are in Sin.
This Story which I do unfold,
Is moſt diſmal for to hear,
'Tis of a wicked Sailor bold,
Courted a Merchants Daughter fair.
This young Man's Name it was *John Brown*,
A very wicked Man was he;
This Damſel fair he often told,
No other Maid he lov'd but ſhe.
In *Norfolk*, or in *Yarmouth* Town,
This Couple there indeed did dwell,
He courted her for two long Years,
Which all the Neighbours knew full well.
And many Promiſes and Vows,
And ſolemn Oaths he oft did make;
The worſt of Dangers he'd go through,
All for his deareſt Jewel's Sake.
Then with a flattering Tongue, he ſaid,
My Dear, if thou'lt be rul'd by me,
In *Norwich* we will lie to Night,
And on the Morrow married be.

Havin

Having at laſt got her Conſent,
To *Norwich* they directly went;
But ſhe, alas! poor harmleſs Maid,
Ne'er thought of his baſe Intent.
My deareſt Jewel, then he cry'd,
Shall we prepare to go to Bed?
Oh! no, my Deareſt, ſhe reply'd,
Not till we are together wed.
My lovely Charmer, ſay not ſo,
For if you do, you'll break my Heart,
To you a kind Huſband I'll be,
For I will act the honeſt Part.
With weeping Eyes, ſhe thus reply'd,
My Dear, if I ſhould yield to you,
'Tis out of pure Love I have,
But I fear, for the ſame will rue.
With a falſe Heart he thus did ſay,
My Dear, what makes you think you'll rue?
Whilſt I have Life, my charming Fair,
My Love ſhall conſtant be and true.
To make him eaſy in his Mind,
She did conſent with him to lie;
But now, good People, pray obſerve
This perjur'd Sailor's Villainy.
For in the Morning when they aroſe,
He ſaid, My Dear, I pray be ſtill;
I have dream'd an ugly Dream this Night,
'Tis both my Parents they are kill'd.
This was to put the Marriage off.
This harmleſs Girl for to betray;
Their Horſes mounted then with Speed,
To *Yarmouth* Town did ride ſtraightway.

As they were riding on the road,
Sorely ſhe wrung her Hands and cry'd,
By laſt Night's Work I'm quite undone,
Oh! that I'd in my Cradle dy'd.
He ſaid, My Dear, pray be content,
Altho' we diſappointed are,
At *Chriſtmas* next we will be wed,
Therefore, my Love, be of good Cheer.
She ſaid, my Dear, I am afraid,
Since of me you have had your will,
That you'll prove falſe, and me forſake,
Which will with Grief your true Love kill.
Now when they to his Parents came,
They found them both alive and well;
And about three Months after that,
She prov'd with Child, and did him tell.
As they in Bed together were,
One Night unto him thus ſhe ſaid;
My Dear I find I am with Child
Therefore, I pray, let us be wed,
He ſaid, My Dear, the day is ſet,
And likewiſe it is near at Hand;
And then, my Love, we'll married be,
But pray now mind this perjur'd Man.

PART II.

HE finding that ſhe was with Child,
Began to ſhew his Villainy,
With Captain *Smart* of *Yarmouth* Town,
He ſhipp'd himſelf to go to Sea.
The *Golden Sarah* was her Name,
A lovely Galley of Renown;

With

With Red Herring they loaded were,
And unto *Leghorn* they were bound.
But now obſerve this Damſel fair,
Whoſe Love was conſtant, kind, and true,
In Man's Attire ſhe dreſt herſelf,
Reſolving ſhe the ſame would ſhew.
Then cutting off her Hair with Speed,
She powder'd to the Captain went;
And ſaid a Sailor ſhe was bold,
To go to ſea was her Intent.
The Captain ſaid, I like you well,
And if you will now go with me;
You muſt get your Cloaths ready,
To-morrow we ſhall ſail to Sea.
According as the Captain ſaid,
And told unto this Damſel fair,
She did provide herſelf with Cloaths,
Such as bold Sailors us'd to wear.
She nothing ſaid then all the while,
Not one on board did her then know,
Until the Ship being gone to Sea,
Then ſhe to her Lover did go.
She call'd him Shipmate, and ſhe ſaid,
Do you know one is call'd *John Brown*,
That is belonging to this Ship,
He lived in fair *Yarmouth* Town.
Yes, yes, he ſaid, I am the Man,
What is it you have got to ſay;
Why then, ſhe ſaid, don't you know me?
Come tell to me without Delay.
No, no, I do not, he reply'd,
I pray tell me from whence you came,

What Buſineſs 'twas you laſt was in,
And likewiſe let me hear your Name.
My Buſineſs was to ride about,
And *Mary Golden* is my Name:
My Father is a Merchant, ſir,
And I from *Yarmouth* lately came.
At that he was ſtruck with Surprize;
But ſhe alas! in tender Love,
Theſe melting Words to him did ſay,
And on the Deck did faint away.
My deareſt Dear, pray be content,
For ſince that I am come to Sea,
If that you go the World throughout,
My Dear, I'll go along with thee.
And as I'm here, my Love, ſhe ſaid,
I hope you will not cruel be,
I'll venture Life and Limb on board,
And I will be a Guard to thee.
I'll take your Watch, my Dear, ſhe ſaid,
While in your Cabin you do ſleep;
And I will be a conſtant Guard,
To you when we are on the Deep.
My Love when ſtormy Winds do blow,
Then I will up aloft ſo high;
And there your Buſineſs I will do,
My Dear, while you are ſtanding by.

PART III.

IN two Months Time they did arrive,
In *Leghorn* Mole we underſtand;
And ſix Weeks more there they did ſtay,
Before they ſailed for *England*.

As

As in their Paſſage Home they came,
Within four Leagues of *Malaga*;
Finding her Time was near at Hand,
She then was fill'd with Grief and Woe.
And what to do ſhe could not tell,
Having no Female's Help at all;
Finding her Pains were drawing on,
For Help ſhe to the Lord did call.
Being in Pain away ſhe went,
To her Love to reveal her Mind;
But as he cauſed all her Grief,
He like a Rogue did prove unkind.
My deareſt Jewel, ſhe did ſay,
Alas! I am undone I fear,
Succour me in my great Diſtreſs,
For I on board am helpleſs here.
But with ſharp Speeches, he reply'd,
What is it for you trouble me?
You and your Baſtard now begone,
Or I will throw you in the Sea.
This did create the Maiden's Pain,
In hearing of him to ſay ſo,
She wrung her Hands and tore her Hair,
Oppreſt with Sorrow, Grief and Woe.
You know my Dear, 'twas for your Sake,
That ever I did come to Sea;
I might have kept my Coach at Home,
Therefore Love do not cruel be.
My deareſt Dear. Compaſſion take,
Help me in my Extremity,
As I hope the Lord will you reward,
For your good Chriſtianity.

She having ſpoke to him, he ſaid,
You Bitch, what makes you trouble me?
He took her up into his Arms,
And threw her ſtraight into the Sea.
The diſmal Shrieks and Cries ſhe gave,
Did all the Sailors ſore Surprize;
They aſking what the Matter was,
Nothing, *John Brown* he then replies.
Then all their Hands together came,
But only this young Creature ſhe,
Which troubled much the whole Ship's Crew,
To think that drowned ſhe ſhould be.
Next Night a diſmal Storm aroſe,
The Seas they did run Mountains high,
And ſoon upon the Topſail Yard,
Her diſmal Ghoſt they did eſpy.
Having her Child then in her Arms,
And very frightful for to ſee;
Her diſmal Shrieks, *John Brown*, ſhe ſaid,
I now am come for to fetch thee.
The grevious Groans and Cries ſhe gave,
Did frighten the Ship's Crew full ſore,
In a flaſh of Fire ſhe to him flew,
And he was never heard of more.
But when their tender Parents heard,
What to their Children had befel,
It almoſt broke their aged Hearts,
Their Grief, alas! no Tongue can tell.
Let this a Warning be to all
Young Lovers of what e'er Degree,
Conſider you've a Soul to ſave,
And do not act ſo treacherouſly.

10 JU 52